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No. 3.

A MAN'S GOOD-BYE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY GLEN CARROL.

(Good-bye! I shall not see you in the morning.
No I must then say the sad words now—
What was there in our golden, fleeting summer,
To leave this wistful shadow on your brow,
And in your eyes? I thought you seemed so gay,
Like some wild woodland bird, so free from care—
Cheerful bright with roses, and the sun's glow
Lingering in every ripple of your hair.
I scarce can dare to think our summer's end—
It has been all too brief and bright for me,
How often I shall dream we are together,
And wait to find you but a memory.
And you, light heart, will you not cast a thought
Toward that land where I no more shall be?
In the gay winter that is yet to come,
Think sometimes of the summer past and me!

Tis late, and you must seek those vanished roses
Within the realm of sleep's healing land—
A last good-night, and may you be as happy
In all the years to come I live me your head.

Helena Macdonald; OR, THE BRIDE'S SACRIFICE.

CHAPTER I.

The island lies like a jagged spear,
Along its rocky shore and sandy bay
Of craggy rock and ocean's roar,
No sound but ocean's roar,
Save where the bold, wild wind makes her home,
Her shrill cry coming through the sparkling foam.
R. H. D.

About six miles from the mainland of
Scotland, with its rock-bound coast washed
by the waters of the broad Atlantic, was an
islet, known in the days of which I write as
Macdonald's Isle.

The island was small—about two miles in
length and the same in breadth—but fertile,
rough, and rocky. A deep, unbroken silence
ever reigned here, save when some gay party
from the opposite coast visited the island to
fish or shoot. Sometimes during the summer
pleasure parties were held here, but in the
winter all was silent and dreary on the lone-
ly, isolated islet.

This island had been from time immemo-
rial in the possession of a family named
Macdonald, handed down from father to son
of his adventures he had taken captive a
young Spanish girl, whose wondrous beauty
at once conquered a heart all unused to the
tender passion. He bore off his prize in
triumph, and without asking her consent
made her his wife at the first port he touched.
Rough, however, during her company on
shipboard, he brought her to his island home,
and there left her to occupy his castle, while
he sailed merrily away. One year afterwards,
Sir Malcolm the Danterless, as he was called,
was conquered by an English ship-of-war;
and true to his daring character, he blew up
his vessel, and together with his crew and
captain perished in the explosion.

After him, from one generation to another,
the Macdonalds ruled as lords of the isle,
and became in years as well as in power
poverty as their pride. A reckless, im-
provident race they were, caring only for
to-day, and letting to-morrow care for itself;
quick and fierce to resent injury or insult,
and implacable as death or doom in their
bait. Fierce alike in love and hatred, the
Macdonalds were known and dreaded for
miles around. From sire to son the fiery
blood of Sir Malcolm the Danterless passed
undiminished, and throbbed in the veins of
Oscar Macdonald, the late master of the
island. In a darker, fiercer, and more
looked place some two or three years previous
to the opening of our story, his son Mal-
colm, a true descendant of his illustrious
namesake, became the lord and master of
the isle, and the late of the Macdonalds.
Young Malcolm showed no disposition to
pass his days in the spot where he was born.
After the death of his father, Malcolm re-
solved to visit foreign lands, and leave Mac-
donald's Lodge to the care of an old ser-
vant, Nurse Alice, as she was familiarly
called, and her son Evan, both of whom had
passed their lives in the service of the
family, and considered that in some sort the
honor of the house lay in their hands.

Vague rumors were current that the old
house was haunted. Fishermen out casting
their nets avowed that at midnight, blue,
earthly lights flashed from the upper cham-
bers—where it was known old Alice never
went—and wild, piercing shrieks, that chill-
ed the blood with horror, echoed on the still
night air. The superstitious whispered that
Oscar had been sent back by his master, the
Evil One, to atone for his wicked deeds done
in the flesh, and that his restless spirit would
ever haunt the old lodge, the scene, it was
believed, of many an appalling crime.

Be that as it may, the old house was de-
serted save by old Alice and her hopeful son;
and young Malcolm, taking with him his
only sister, spent his time in cruising about
in a schooner he owned, and—as was said,
among other rumors—in cheating the re-
vellers.

Besides the lodge, or Macdonald's Castle,
as it was sometimes called, the island con-
tained but one other habitation, occupied by
a widow, a distant connection of the Mac-
donalds, who, after the death of her hus-

band, had come here to reside. The cottage
was situated on the summit of a gentle ele-
vation that commanded an extensive view of
the island; for Mrs. Benington—or Mrs.
Ben, as she was always called—liked a wide
prospect at least, if nothing else could be
obtained on the lonely isle.

The most frugal, the most industrious of
housewives was Mrs. Ben. No crime in her
eyes equalled that of thriftlessness, and all
sins could be pardoned but that of laziness.
Unfortunately for her peace of mind she
was afflicted with an orphan nephew, the
latest of mortals, whose shortcoming kept
the bustling old lady in a fever from morn-
ing till night. A wild young sister of Mrs.
Ben's had run away with a German soldier,
and dying a few years after, was soon fol-
lowed to the grave by her husband, who
drank more than was good for him one night,
and was found dead in the morning. Master
Fritz Freilager was accordingly adopted by
his only living relative, and, as that good
old lady declared, had been "the death of her"
every day since.

A young girl of sixteen, known only as
"Jennie," was the only other member of
Mrs. Ben's family. Who this girl was, where
she had come from, and what was her family
name, was a mystery; and Mrs. Ben, when
questioned on the subject, only shut her
lips and shook her head mysteriously, and
spoke never a word. Although she called
the old lady aunt, it was generally believed
that she was no relative, but as her name was
a favorite with all who visited the island the
mystery concerning her, though it piqued the
curiosity of the curious, made them like her
none the less. A big Newfoundland dog and
a disagreeable, chattering parrot completed
the widow's household.

Mrs. Ben's business was flourishing. She
made a regular visit each week to the main-
land, where she disposed of fish, which
abounded about the shore of the island, and
in return brought back groceries and such
other things as she needed. Besides that,
she kept a sort of tavern and place of re-
freshment for the sailors and fishermen, who
sometimes stopped for a day or two on the
island; and for many a mile, both by land
and sea, was known the name of Mrs. Ben.
Such was Macdonald's Isle, and such were
its owners and occupants. For many years
now it had been quiet and stagnant enough,
until the development of sundry startling
events that for long afterwards were remem-
bered in the country around, and electrified
for a time the whole community.

The sun was sinking in the far west as the
little yacht *Summer Breeze* was dancing
over the bright waves towards Macdonald's
Isle. Captain Malcolm Macdonald stood lean-
ing negligently over the taffrail, solacing
himself with a cigar, and conversing at in-
tervals with a slight, somewhat haughty-
looking young man, who stood beside him,
watching the waves flashing as they sped
along. No two could be more opposite, as
far as looks went, than these two, yet both
were handsome and about the same age.

Like all of his race, young Macdonald
was very tall, and dark as a Spaniard. His
short, black, curling hair shadowed a fore-
head high, bold, and commanding. Dark,
keen, proud eyes flashed from beneath jetty
eyebrows, and the firm, resolute mouth gave
to his dark face a look almost fierce. His
figure was exquisitely proportioned, and
there was a certain bold frankness, mingled
with a reckless devil-may-care expression in
his fine face, that atoned for his swarthy
complexion and stern brow.

His companion was a tall, elegant young
man, with an air of proud superiority about
him, as though he were "somebody," and
knew it. His complexion was fair as any
lady's, and would have been effeminate but
for the dark, bold eyes, and his dashing air
generally. There was something particu-
larly winning in his handsome face, es-
pecially when he smiled, that lit up his
whole countenance with new beauty. Yet,
with all, there was a certain faithless ex-
pression about the finely-formed mouth that
would have led a close observer to hesitate
before trusting him too far. This reader,
was Mr. Herbert Clinton, a young English

gentleman, and heir to one of the finest es-
tates in the county of Derbyshire.

The last five years he had passed in
Vienna, and when he was thinking of re-
turning home he had encountered Captain
Macdonald and his sister. Fond of luxury
and ease as the young gentleman was, he gave
up all after that for the attraction he dis-
covered on board the yacht *Summer Breeze*.
And Captain Macdonald pleased with his
new friend, invited him to accompany them
for a short while to Trieste, where his yacht
was, and then go home with him, and spend
a few weeks with him in his ancestral
castle, whither he was obliged to stop whilst
some repairs were being made in his ves-
sel—which invitation Herbert Clinton, no-
thing loth, accepted.

"Well, Macdonald, how is that patient of
yours this evening?" inquired Clinton, after
a pause.

"Don't know!" replied Captain Macdonald,
casually. "I haven't seen him since morn-
ing. I repeat that I had no accommo-
dation, and would much rather not be
troubled with passengers. However, he
pleased so hard for me to accommodate
him, and looked so like something from the
other world all the time, that I had not the
heart to refuse the poor fellow. Before we had
been three days out at sea he was taken ill,
and has been raving and shrieking ever
since, as you know."

"What do you suppose is the matter with
him?"

"Well, I haven't much experience as a
nurse myself, but I think it's brain fever, or
something of that kind; Helena, however,
thinks that bitter remorse for something he
has done, is preying on his mind, and girls
always know best in these cases."

"By the way, where did you pick him
up? He is not one of your crew, I under-
stand."

"No! I met him at Gibraltar. He came
to me one day, and asked me to take him
home. I repeat that I had no accommo-
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thinks that bitter remorse for something he
has done, is preying on his mind, and girls
always know best in these cases."

"You ought to be pretty well accustomed
to his kindliness by this time."

"Not I, faith! It's now three years since
I have been there!"

"Is it possible? I thought you Macdonalds
were too much attached to your an-
cestral home to desert it so long as that."

"Well, it's a dreary place, and I have such
an attachment for a wild, exciting life, that
I positively could not endure it. I should
die of stagnation. As for Helena, my wild,
impulsive sister, she would now as soon
think of entering a convent as passing her
life there."

"Yet you said it was partly by her re-
quest you were going there now?"

"Yes, she expressed a wish to show you
the place." A slight flash of pleasure col-
ored the clear face of Helena. "I don't
know what's got into Helena lately," con-
tinued her brother. "I never saw a girl so
changed. She used to be the craziest leap-
over-the-moon madcap that ever existed;
now she is growing as tame as a little
Jennie."

Clinton's fine eyes were fixed keenly on
the frank, open face of Captain Macdonald;
but nothing was to be read there more than
his words contained. With a peculiar smile
he turned away, and said, carelessly—

"And who is this little Jennie to whom
you refer?"

"She's the protégée of the old lady on the
island—fair as the dream of an opium-eater,
enchanting as an hour, and with the voice of
an angel!"

"Where? the bold Captain Macdonald, the
daring descendant of old Malcolm the
Danterless, has lost his heart at last," laughed
Herbert Clinton.

"No. There is no danger of that, I
fancy; unless, indeed," he added, fixing his
eyes quizzically on Clinton's handsome face,
"I should happen to meet this little en-
chantress you spoke of awhile ago."

A cloud passed over the brow of his com-
panion, but it cleared away in a moment, as
a quick, light footstep was heard approach-
ing, and the next instant Helena Macdonald,
the haughty daughter of a haughty race,
stood, bright, dashing, and smiling before
them.

No one ever looked once in the face of
Helena Macdonald without turning to gaze
again. Fearfully beautiful as she was, it
was not her beauty that would startle you,
but the look of wild power, of intense
daring, of fierce passions, of unyielding
energy, of a will powerful for love or hate,
of a nature loving, passionate, fiery, impu-
sive, and daring, yet gentle, winning, and
soft.

She might have been seventeen years of age—
certainly not more. In stature she was tall,
and with a form regally beautiful, splendidly
developed, with a haughty grace peculiarly
her own. Her face was perfectly oval, her
complexion, naturally olive, had been tan-
ned by sun and wind to a rich, clear, gyp-
syish darkness. Her hair, that hung in a pro-
fusion of long curls, was of jetty blackness,
and where the sun fell on it, bringing out
red rings of fire. Her large, dark eyes,
full of passion and power, were of the most
intense blackness, now flashing with sparks
of light, and anon swimming in liquid ten-
derness. Her high, bold brow might have
been a crown—certainly it was regal in
its pride and scorn. Her mouth, which was
the only voluptuous feature in her face, was
small, with full, ripe, red lips, rivaling in
beauty the deep crimson of her dark cheeks.

Her dress was like herself—old and pic-
turesque, consisting of a short skirt of
black silk, a bodice of crimson velvet, with
gold buttons. She held in one hand a black
velvet hat, with a long, sweeping plume,
swinging it gaily by the strings, as she came
toward them. She was a strange, wild-
looking creature altogether; yet what would
first strike an observer was her queenly air
of pride, her lofty bearing, her almost un-
bearable arrogance. For her unbounding
pride, as well as her surprising beauty, the
haughty little lady had obtained even in
childhood the title of "The Island Queen."

And queenly she looked, with her noble brow,
her flashing, glorious eyes, her dainty, cur-
ving lips, her graceful, statuesque form—
every sense of the word, "a queen of noble
nature's crowning."

And Herbert Clinton, passionate admirer
of beauty as he was, what thought he of
this dashing creature? He leaned negli-
gently against the taffrail, with his eyes
fixed on her sparkling, sun-bright face,
noting every look and gesture as one might
gaze on some strange, beautiful maid, half
in fear, half in love, but wholly in admi-
ration. Yes, he loved her, or thought he did,
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impulsively, she would now as soon
think of entering a convent as passing her
life there."

"Much worse, I am afraid," she an-
swered, in a peculiarly musical voice. "I do
not think he will live to see the morrow's sun.
His ravings are frightful to hear. Some ter-
rible crime seems to be weighing him down
as much as death."

"After all, the human soul is an awful
possession for a guilty man," said Captain
Macdonald thoughtfully. "Things can be
smoothed over during life, but when one
comes to die—"

"They feel what retributive justice is, I
suppose," said Clinton, in his customary
careless tone. "And, apropos of that, some-
body will suffer terrible remorse after I die.
I am to be murdered, if there is any truth in
fortune-telling."

He spoke lightly, with a half smile, but
Helena's face paled involuntarily, as she ex-
claimed—

"Murdered, did you say? Who could have
predicted anything so dreadful?"

"An astrologer, or seer, or wizard
of some kind in Spain, when I was there."
The affair seems so improbable, so utterly
absurd, in short, that I never like to allude
to it."

"But did he tell you who you were to
be murdered by?"

Helena stopped short, even in just she
could not pronounce the word.

"Murdered by?" said Herbert, quietly
finishing the sentence for her. "No, he told
me nothing. I saw it all."

"How? I do not understand."

"Oh, the story is hardly worth relating,
and ought not to be told in the presence of
such a sceptic as Captain Malcolm Macdonald,"
said Clinton, running his fingers
lightly through his dark, glossy locks.

"Heaven forbid I should wait to be in-
flicted by it," said Captain Macdonald, start-
ling up. "I will relieve you of my presence,
and allow you to entertain my supersti-
tious sister here with your awful destiny, of
which she will doubtless believe every word."

"I should be sorry to believe anything so
dreadful," said Helena, gravely. "But I do
think there are some gifted ones to whom
the future has been revealed. I wish I could
meet them, and find out what it has in store
for me."

"Let me be your prophet," said Clinton,
softly. "Beautiful Helena, there can be
nothing but bliss for an angel like you."

Her radiant face flushed with pride, love,
and triumph at his words.

"Do you believe in omens?" she said,
laughingly. "See how brightly and beauti-
fully yonder moon is rising. Now, if it
reaches the arch of heaven unclouded, I
shall believe your prediction."

Even as she spoke, a dense cloud passed
astward the sky, and the moon was obscured
in darkness.

The dark, bright face of Helena paled at
the dread omen. Involuntarily her eyes
sought Clinton's, who also had been gazing
at the sky.

"Heaven avert the omen!" she cried,
with a shudder. "Oh, Herbert, the un-

clouded moon grew dark even while I
spoke."

"And now the cloud is past, and it sails
on brighter than ever," he said, with a
smile. "See, fairest Helena, all is calm and
peaceful once more. My prediction will be
verified, after all."

She drew a deep breath, and looked so in-
tensely relieved that he laughed. Helena
blushed vividly, as she said—

"I know you must think me weak and
childish; but I am superstitious by nature.
Dreams, inspirations, and presensations
that no one else thinks of are all vivid real-
ities to me. But you promised to tell me the
wizard's prediction concerning your future,
so pray go on."

"Well, let me see," said Herbert Clinton,
leaning his head on his hand. "It is now
three years ago that a celebrated Mahometan
fortune-teller visited the town in Spain
where I resided. His fame soon spread far
and wide, and crowds of the credulous came
from every part to visit him. He could not
speak a word of any language but his own—
but he had an interpreter, who did all the
talking necessary, which was very little."

"I was then at a celebrated university,
and with two or three of my fellow-students,
resolved one day to visit the wizard. Arrived
at his house, we were shown into a large
room, and called up one by one into the pre-
sence of the Mahometan."

"Our object in going was more for sport
than anything else; but when we saw the
first who was called—a wild, reckless young
fellow, who feared nothing earthly—return
pale and serious, our mirth was at an end.
One by one the others were called, and all
came back grave and thoughtful. By some
chance, I was the last."

"I am not like you, bright Helena,
naturally superstitious; but I confess, when
the interpreter ushered me into the presence
of this wizard, I felt a sort of chill creep
over me. He was the most singu-
lar-looking being I ever beheld. His face
was exactly like that of one who has been
for some days dead—a sort of dark-greenish
white, with pale-blue lips, and sharp Asiatic
features."

"The Mahometan stood before a smoking
caldron, and drawn up to his full height,
his stoop appeared almost colossal. His dress
was a long black robe, all woven over with
serpents, and snakes, and other equally
pleasing objects, that seemed starting out
dreadfully white from this dark background.
Altogether, the room looked as like a charnel-
house, and the wizard so like a supernatural
being, that I am not ashamed to own I felt
myself growing nervous as I looked around."

"The interpreter, who stood behind,
opened the scene by asking me my name,
age, birthplace, and diverse other questions
of a like nature, which he wrote down in
some sort of hieroglyphics, and handed to
the Mahometan. Then bidding me advance
and keep my eyes fixed on the caldron, and
not speak a word, the interpreter left the
room."

"My heart beat faster than was its wont
as I approached this strange being, and
found myself completely alone with him in
this gloomy, cavernous room. He looked a hand-
ful of what I imagined to be inches of some
kind, and threw it on the red, living coals,
uttering some strange sounds in an un-
known tongue as he did so."

"Presently a cloud of smoke arose, dense,
black, and suffocating, filling the whole room
with the gloom of Tartarus. Shortly, as if
endowed with instinct, it lifted itself up and
spread out before me. And looking up, I
beheld—"

"Herbert Clinton paused, as if tremu-
lous whether to reveal the rest or not; but Helena
grasped his arm, and in a voice that was
fairly hoarse with intense excitement, said—
"Go on."

"I saw," he continued, looking beyond
her, as if describing something then passing
before him, "the interior of a charnel-
house, thronged with people. Flowers were strewn
along the aisles, and I seemed to hear faintly
the grand cadences of a triumphal hymn. A
clergyman, book in hand, stood before a
brilliant altar, performing the marriage cere-
mony. The features of the man of God are
indisputably impressed on my memory, but the
two who stood before him had their backs
toward me. For about five seconds they
remained thus stationary, then they began
to grow more and more indistinct, the forms
grew shadowy and undefined, and began to
disappear."

"Just before they vanished altogether,
the faces of the wedded pair turned for an
instant toward me, and in the bridegroom,
Helena, I beheld myself. The vapor lifted
and lifted, until all was gone, and nothing
was to be seen but the black walls of the
room, and the glowing, fiery coals in the
caldron."

"Again the Mahometan drew the incense
from the fire, and again humbled his unlit-
tabled argon. Again the thick black smoke
arose, filling the room, and again became
stationary, forming a shadowy panorama be-
fore me. This time I saw a prison cell-
dark, dismal, and noxious. A rough, raw
pallet stood on one side, and on the other a
pitcher of water and a loaf—orthodox prison
fare from time immemorial. On the ground,
chained as it were to the wall, groveled a
woman, in shining bridal robes, her long
midnight tresses trailing on the foul floor."

"No words can describe to you the utter
despair and mortal anguish depicted in her
crouching attitude. I stood spell-bound to
the spot, unable to move, in breathless in-
breath. Then the scene began to fade away
the prostrate figure lifted its head, and I be-
held the face of her whom, a moment before,
seemed to stand beside me at the altar. But
no words of mine can describe to you the
mortal woe, the unutterable despair in that
haggard but beautiful face. Helena! Helena!
it will haunt me to my dying day. I put out
my hand as if to retain her; but at that in-
stant all disappeared."

Once more Herbert Clinton paused. This
time he was deadly pale, and his eyes were
wild and excited. Helena stood near him,
her great black, mystic eyes dilated, every

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THORNS IN THE FLESH.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Dear Mr. Editor, you have never realized the meaning of my heading. Your thorned days are spent in poring delightedly over the effusions of genius. Of course no poetry, save that which wells up, pure and sparkling from the fount of inspiration, so prove that which is false in style, logic in reasoning, and fascinating in plot and character, ever gains your highly-favored editorial eye.

But everybody can be an editor.

There must be ordinary mortals in the world.

And the tender flesh of these same ordinary mortals must sometimes be lacerated by extremely sharp thorns. For instance, I glance across the road from my pleasant cottage home, and see a young man, a charming creature, without a fault in his nature, a tender, warm-hearted little woman, abundant in that clarity which is "the bond of perfection," and sensible in all things, save that she married a scoundrel with six children. It is a very happy home, however. The tender care which that little woman bestows upon her six boys, and the whole-hearted love they give her in return, would do much toward taking away the odium which sometimes attaches itself to the name of "step-mother."

Thus far all is peace.

Now for the thorn. Never, Mr. Editor, was there a kinder, better man than Mr. K., but never, never was there a man with such an odious array of relations, near and distant, as this scoundrel, and coming up to as high a degree as the arithmetic alphabet is capable of enumerating. And every summer delegations of this innumerable host "sweep down" upon my unfortunate little friend in the most dreadfully scabrous manner, without notice or invitation. I from my window behold them on their "winding way," and say to myself, "Thorns! veritable thorns in the flesh!" What were poor dear St. Paul's sufferings compared to those of a housewife already harassed by her own family cares, who is suddenly confronted by an army of distant relations? They are received with angelic sweetness of manner. Who could guess the despairing heart of my friend? The nearest of the family kindly remarks to his wife, "Mary, my dear, you must have more help in the kitchen."

More help?

O man! then may't lead armies, and rule nations, but when thou dost attempt to peer into the mystery of the domestic economy, then dost prove thyself to be the very soul and essence of stupidity!

"Mary, my dear," gives him a look of sweet despair, and (O marvel among women) is silent.

Doesn't that man know that neither love nor money can procure efficient help in a secluded country place?

Doesn't he know full well the character of Bridget, the domestic queen, whose comely appearance fills all beholders with terror?

Of course he knows, but he doesn't think.

For his benefit I quote the well-known lines:

"Evil is wrought by want of thought,
As well as want of heart."

I repeat it, there never was a better man than Mr. K. An angel from the distant spheres couldn't make me understand that housekeeping is not the most calm and joyous way ever devised of spending one's days.

And now, Mr. Editor, in view of the worn-out nerves of the friend whom I so highly value, and of the thousands of other weary souls, and also in view of the domestic economy of the North, South, East and West come the despairing cries of fainting housewives for help! I repeat it, I hold this *condemned* summer visit to be an intolerable imposition. I am not quite a heathen. I do not include in my catalogue of "indiscriminate visitors" one's dear family relatives and friends, for whom one would gladly sacrifice ease and comfort, but the numberless very extremely distant relatives whom you fondly wish to see, and who, in turn, visit you, are those, as I have said, the tender flesh of many a worried and overburdened housewife.

F. A. E.

THE BABY.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I want to see it last night. You know how it looked, they are all as like as two peas.

The bachelor uncle says it is a bunch of clothes with a red face. He denies that man had his origin from such a piling winking, and prefers to accept the Darwinian theory, instead.

He finger, little four-year old Robbie, has his finger on his nose a good share of the time to test the state of that member. He is rather curious about the creature, peering into its face and examining several times per day the diminutive hands and feet.

"We don't like him," asserts Robbie with a snuff of contempt. And yet he nurses the flue from his crib, and goes around on tip-toe when it sleeps.

Robbie acts a little proud. He feels a sort of possession in the wee bairn. "Jimmy Lane ain't got any baby," he communicates as soon as I enter.

"Robbie, you are fond of that baby."

"No, ain't, come this thing."

"I will take it over to Jimmy Lane."

"I'll be out down here."

"Very well. I'll throw it out down when I start for home."

Both arms are around it to take it off my lap. "O let my baby loose."

The little wall has to get, no enemies. Robbie loves it. The bachelor uncle is only curious of baby's father. He is in the same unchangeable condition with regard to him, that Jimmy Lane is to Robbie.

He fills the hearts of the parents with a strange delight. It comes to them a gift from the Divine—a mysterious, helpless innocent, so tender that its life hangs on a thread, and wholly dependent on their care for its mortal existence. Inspiring as it is, they almost stand in awe of it, for it is yet to become a man, and perhaps to be a power for good or evil in the world.

MARIE S. LADD.

IN JUNE.

Brown in the blue of the river that

And get his hands on it, and

Let me do nothing but live for a day,

Live and let me do nothing but live for a day,

Between the fish and the hook,

I will look on the middle of the river, and

And the eddy's swirling with it,

I will ride with the fish to the gate of heaven,

In varying time and pace,

Of this day, the sweetest of all sweet things—in June

Low I lie on a soft green bed,

Drinking the very day,

Green in the canopy high for my head,

The larch's fringes hang low,

In scattered daisies over my eyes,

Bunches of blueberries trail,

I know I feel the blue of the river,

I must not never their will,

With the water's edge the water above,

Below my neck of rest,

If they will not the river, with all their love,

They may die on the bank,

And the river, swimming, would his way,

With pink and white spots above,

The love from space of a wild-river day—in June.

Quiver, O larch! till in evening's hour

Murmur, O larch! in the twilight spray,

Till you find your home in the wall,

O larch! in the twilight spray,

As one song to the mouth of a day,

I could listen and be for a hundred years,

And down their sides their red and gold,

Ripple, O river! by the bank and shore,

As long as my eyes may see your power,

Beings in the pride of your royal power,

Fast the love to the sea;

Till the whole of your morning lay,

The night comes all too soon

The night, oh, me! of this glorious day—in June.

SLANG.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY ELLA WHEELER.

Where does it come from—where does it

go to—who invents it? I mean this dreadful,

delightful, disgusting, amusing, horrid,

expressive, abused, much used slang! Every-

body declares it to be coarse, and vulgar, and

improper—yet everybody uses it more or

less.

It is irresistible—contagious—and soon

and despite it in others, as we may, and do,

before we realize what we are saying, we

finish up something we are vainly endeavor-

ing to do, with a slang word, after a pause,

singing to the right word to express

ourselves, and it won't come—"Well, you

know how it is yourself."

Of course our friend looks shocked, or

amused, as the case may be, and we explain,

"There now we've put a slang in it, but we

really didn't mean to use it. It is an

odious habit."

"That's what's the matter," says a brother,

or a husband, or a cousin, coming in just

then. We reprove him, with as much

earnestness as we can, as though he had

interfered with the prevailing phrase of that

dreadful slang.

"Of all expressions," we say, severely,

"the one you just made use of, is the most

vulgar, and we seriously object to it."

No doubt. But the brother, ironically ob-

scuring the odious word bared.

Now, who was Phoebe Brown, that her

name should fall into such a disreputable

use? What did she do, or rather what did

she not do, for if we remark before a slang

word, that we, or that anybody has, carried

slang, eloped, gone crazy, become famous,

wrote a poem, delivered a lecture, done a

washing, or built a house, we are imme-

diately told "So did Phoebe Brown."

If we say we are cold, hot, sick, well,

happy, or that we are informed that we

"be," was Phoebe Brown. In fact we are

forced to believe that Phoebe Brown was

and did everything, while, with all our research

through ancient and modern history, we are

convinced that no person ever was, or ever did

anything.

We pin down the unhappy slang-sling-

ing biped, with the stern query "Who

was she?" and he responds, with the ex-

pression of a man who is informed that he

knows, "If we only knew, we would 'bump'

swindle" him for his impudence in continu-

ing to ask questions to the bottom, and

find out just what they mean, we say, "Now,

if it is something awful?"

"You bet!" is the answer we receive.

"How disgusting!" we exclaim. "Now

do us decent, civilized phrases, and tell us

what that word means?"

And the biped replies, "My dear, you've

got the dead wood on me there, for I don't

know myself."

The dead wood," we repeat, "what in

the world is that?"

"Oh, dear! when you come shenanigan on

a fellow and corner him, it's called 'bump'

swindle." "What horrible language!"

That's all in your eye," responds the

naïveté. "You thought you had a

thing, but I know the difference be-

tween decent and disgusting, you see."

"Well, what is it?" we gasp.

"You couldn't understand unless I put a

head on you."

In despair and disgust, we give up our

search for knowledge, and as the biped

terminates it, "walk off on your own," and in

the rear we hear a voice asking—

"How is that for high?"

And we reply, "It is a very low indeed, and

we are alarmed to discover that men and

women are using the project, we ask him if

he will undertake the project of compiling the

new dictionary, and he responds, "Oh, yes,

over the left you know in a horn."

PETITE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Miss Wheeler wonders if there is anything

more aggravating than being a "reminder."

I take the liberty of answering that in my

private opinion there is. I think that look-

ing the requisite amount of inches to bring

one up to the average height of one's lady

friends, and being perpetually and over-

hastily reminded of it, is vastly more ag-

gravating than being a "reminder."

I am so personal, and I always did dislike

personalities.

Now in Miss Wheeler's case, if you are in-

troduced to a lady or gentleman, and they

are straightway reminded of an aunt, cousin,

or uncle, you can take the benefit of the

doubt, and fondly believe the aforementioned

aunt, cousin or uncle to be a model of per-

fection and loveliness, but in my case there

is nothing to console you. Your mind is

brought forcibly to fear on the one fact—

your sister's littleness. Now I am on the peti-

tude myself, and consequently know where-

of I speak. I do not so much mind the

fact of my diminutiveness as hearing people say

every time they meet me, "Well, you are

the least little thing, you don't grow one bit."

Well, knowing that my growing days are

over, or, adding insult to injury, "you are

no larger than my child, Sarah Ann." Now I

stood all these "vain repetitions," like a

saint, for fifty or sixty times, but the thing

has at last grown insupportable to my

heart, and the mood of it is you must smile

sweetly all the time they are making their

comments. Oh dear! sometimes I have

maintained a comely countenance "childlike

and bland," when I have felt an almost ir-

resistible inclination to profanity. The fact I

have mentioned is allowed to remain the

desire, but I doubt if I can maintain my

Christian resignation much longer.

I have not seen Mrs. B. for a day or

two, says, "I meet her on the street, and

she says, 'Why I do think you grow less

and less every day.' Now if that be true, I

should like the scientific world to tell me

how long it will be before I utterly disap-

pear from off the face of the earth. The

prospect of vanishing in this air, is not par-

ticularly pleasant. When Miss A., a

judging from her appearance as lined dis-

cendant of old Anah, says, looking down

on me, "What does make you so little?" I

feel like answering her in the language of

Burns:

"Ask thy God made the gem so small,

Why should he change the gift he gave?"

Because thou think'st he should not

The higher value on it."

Oh! being a reminder, is not a circum-

stance to being so little.

HELLE BREMER.

OPPORTUNITY.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY MARIE S. LADD.

"Was in the time the early spring,

In vision, I felt the springing of the

When the first bud began to swell,

And through the orchard slowly would.

The fading green was turning yellow—

The mowers' scythes had cut it low—

The corn was ripe, and the wheat was new,

And sunset gleamed on the hillside blue.

When, on the hillside, I felt the first

At the first of the first of the first,

I saw the first of the first of the first,

At the first of the first of the first.

The law on whom my heart was set,

He was the first of the first of the first,

And now, it seemed, by chance we met,

And now, it seemed, by chance we met.

And, softly, let me say, my mother,

Who taught me to love the world so true,

Who taught me to love the world so true,

And now, it seemed, by chance we met.

My heart was then too weak for child,

The hour for which I had been biding,

I found in waiting for a bride.

And she, true heart and ever tender,

Her promise kept, I had it true,

Oh, how I loved her, and how true,

At the first of the first of the first.

CITY CHILDREN.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

They are the forlornest little things, rich

or poor, gentle or simple. One's heart aches

for them, thinking how the little souls are

cheated out of all that makes childhood the

happiest.

If the city children are rich children, they

are mostly brought up to be little snobs and

monkeys from their babyhood. A city rich

man's sons or daughters hardly ever amount

to a word of sense. It is because they are

never taught to be anything but little snobs

and monkeys, and never have a chance for

their lives. It is a serious thing, yes, a sorrowful

thing, to stay "dressed up." Never to know

the luxury of bareback equine partnership.

Never to know the luxury of a jolly good

wade in the creek, of a tumble on the hay,

of making mud pies, of hunting hen's nests,

of sneaking out into the pasture and unrep-

tunately milking Old Brindle at the wrong

time of day, and drinking the new milk.

It is a sad thing, for the rich child is one

of going barefoot. A barefoot child is one

of the prettiest sights in nature. If I were

worth forty millions of money, and had

twenty children, they should all go barefoot

in summer, with their pretty little toes

showing, and their feet, growing straight,

and natural and graceful, the way the good Lord

made

—Mrs. Robkey and her sister, previously known as Mrs. Lorrain.

About she was marvellously altered in her appearance. Mrs. Robkey had made her banish her widow's-mood, her wig of silver hair, her quiet and sober-hued garments, and had attired her as became her age and her real position.

The transformation was most extraordinary, for although there yet remained in her

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WIT AND HUMOR.

UNCLE ZEK'S PRACTICAL JOKE.
Some years ago there lived in one of our large cities an eccentric character known as Uncle Zek, who never met a chance of performing a practical joke. Any place or occasion suited him, provided he could make his point. One fine Sunday he repaired to a fashionable church, some time after the service had commenced, and as there was not a seat vacant, he took a prominent position in the center aisle, where he stood with his hands clasped in prayer. He looked so earnest, with his high-starched collar and his eyes fixed on the altar, that he attracted much attention, and very soon the service, a man for whom Uncle Zek had an especial dislike, came creeping up to him and whispered that he must take off his hat. "That's again my principle," said Uncle Zek. "I can't help that," said the person, impatiently. "You must take it off," said Uncle Zek. "Then I shall take it off for you," said the person, who was becoming very nervous on account of the attention this whispered colloquy had attracted.

"All right," said Uncle Zek, "you kin take it off. That ain't agin my principle." The person thereupon took hold of the rim of Uncle Zek's hat and dexterously lifted it off his head. But what was the respectable person's horror when about ten quarts of hickory nuts rolled out of the hat and went clattering and banging over the church floor. And that was Uncle Zek's joke on the person.

PARENTAL INSTINCT.
As the cars stopped at a small town in Minnesota, an honest-looking German and family came on board the train. The family consisted of numerous bundles, a wife and a quantity of children of assorted sizes, from the babe in arms up to a boy of twelve. The German, after stowing his bundles in the forward seats of the smoking-car, proceeded to place his wife and offspring near them. This accomplished, he seated himself for a smoke. All at once, as the signal whistled for starting, he dashed out of the car into the station, returning with another child in his arms that had been asleep, barely catching the train before it moved. He passed, one of the passengers said, laughingly. "You came near forgetting that one," said the passenger. "No," replied Hans, "I don't forget him; but I don't want, and I make out!"

BRUDDER DICKSON.
Mr. Dickson, a colored barber in one of our New England towns, was sharing one of his customers, a respectable citizen, one morning, when a conversation occurred between the two respecting Mr. Dickson's former connection with a colored church in that place. "I believe you are connected with the church in Elm street, Mr. Dickson," said the customer. "No, sah, not at all."

"Why, are you not a member of the African church?" "Not dis year, sah."

"Why did you leave that communion, Mr. Dickson?" "I was permitted to ask?" "Why, I tell you, sah, said Mr. Dickson, stropping a concave razor on the palm of his hand. "It was just like dis. I find dat church in good faith. I gib ten dollars to-ward de state prison, on de ground de first year, and de people call me Brudder Dickson. De second year my business was not berry good, and I only gib five dollars. Dat year de church people call me Mr. Dickson. De razor hurt you, sah?"

"No, sah, it goes through well."

"Well, sah, de third year I feel berry poor—sickness in my family—and I give nothing for preaching. Well, sah, after dat, day called me old nigger Dickson, an' I left 'em."

DAYBREAK.

The morning sun, still hanging high,
Shines soft on Father's breast
To comfort and console him, and the day
Hastily in the West.

For that there hangs a golden light,
With many a ray of hope,
That mark its fervor and regard breast,
With love-words between.

A crown of snow ornaments its crest,
And glistening on the hair,
Adorn the cheeks of children,
Whom the dawn of day has met.

Adown the cheeks of children,
Whom the dawn of day has met,
Which which the fast-flicking bird,
Which which the fast-flicking bird.

The lights around grow faint, and fade;
And now the convent bell
To summon calls the convent maid—
Or mother—from her cell.

San Augustin rings heavily
The morning sun, still hanging high,
And from the camp the reveille
Comes sharply through the air.

And as the morning pales away
Loud comes the morning gun,
While echoes, answering, seem to say:
"Another day begun."

San Francisco Chronicle Call.

Leaves from a Pocket Diary.

No. 31.

THE MISANTHROPE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY CAPTAIN CARRER.

M. Eugene Ferrar was sitting directly opposite, and I was in a state of boyish jubilation over the unexpected meeting. We had been students together at the little university of H. where there sprung up a mutual love as I had faith to believe affection, possessing all the romantic fervor of girlhood united to the strength of our sterner sex.

The years I will confess that had intervened since we had parted from those old classic shades had wrought changes in the face and manner of M. Eugene, but could I explain when for aught that I knew as great, if different changes, perhaps, were apparent in myself. I had thought when I first grasped the hand, and looked into the eyes of Ferrar, that the world had given me back the innocent, free-hearted student of the olden time, but an hour afterwards, as we sat by the window of my meagre little office where for months I had smoked cheap cigars and waited for business, I began to trace the mysterious hieroglyphics with which the soul outlines itself upon the face, and I was not, could not be pleased with the mystic characters, symbolizing the inner life. He had been in by and forbidden paths. He had been in the pits and rings, and upon the floor of the life of the city, but there were there thundered out from the temple portals of by-gone centuries the great, little sentence. "Let him who is without sin cast the first stone."

I learned that M. Eugene had spent some three years in America, and the last seeing the ocean. In his partings to me while absent, his letters had taken the form and brevity of official dispatches, but as he promised me a proxy journal I nursed my hungry soul in patient expectation. But somewhere on his route the hotel had been burned, and his MS. had proven itself literally to be thought to breathe words that burn. Now I noticed, in referring to that time, he skinned like a bird from one light perch to another, and I thought that he must have been through some dark ravine unknown to me. But what then? If I felt a disappointment in the meeting after so many years, why it was but another "Apple of Sodom," more or less of which you and I, dear reader, have got to taste.

Well, after our first unexpected meeting, Eugene was often much in my sanctum, greatly to the detriment of previous methodical studies, yet he was a sort of recreation in himself which I felt that I needed. But after a time as I studied him and he became accustomed to study all things that presented themselves before my vision, I grew restless at his appearance; that is, he brought an influence not agreeable to my intuitions. It was as if time when I was a rife, especially in the farthest line, and I connected the idea directly that M. Eugene was in some way connected with them. Whether my conjectures were right or wrong you will ascertain at length.

He was often in the habit of speaking of his friend, M. Lestimer, and at last I got interested in this often-quoted man, that I suggested to Eugene to bring his friend into my poor quarters some time. The invitation was accepted with alacrity.

Mon Dieu! what a face it was that which I had invited. Blue, blood-streaked, rolling eyes, under brows that projected like horse ears, short-cropped hair, rimmed in so closely that it gave the face an unnatural projection, and a huge bronze moustache, covering almost the corners of the mouth, and pointing together on the chin like the claws of a crab. The gigantic shoulders, carried rather high up, could have balanced enormous weights. The thick neck supported a head heavy enough in its development of the lower half to hold it firmly in place.

"Mon Dieu!" said I again, glancing at the bronze, peculiar moustache, "what have I invited? A Trojan warrior or Roman gladiator?" His deep voice and slow speech conveyed the idea that every word was weighed before it was uttered. He disabed! what a turn it gave me to look at him, and yet in half an hour I was completely fascinated with the man. If you touched upon foreign or domestic matters, he seemed to have a keen knowledge of foreign or domestic matters, he had been there and could give you reliable information.

Five minutes after I had pressed him to honor me often with his presence, I could have mistaken the skin from my tongue because it had no better heeded the inward monitor. I can hardly tell you how matters got on for weeks after this monstrous introduction. If I had thought that Lestimer would presume upon my eager invitation I was mistaken. He did not come often. I found myself wishing to see him full eagerly before my wishes were gratified. During this time I noted how thin and hollow-eyed M. Eugene was growing. Some vampire preyed upon his vitality, else, I think, like a worm at the root, gave signs of decay. His temper, too, was as changeable as autumn weather. How could I dream of what was in his heart?



INDUCTIVE FLATTERY.

Lady.—"That is a portrait of dear papa, before he wore a beard and moustache, you know."

Gentleman.—"Indeed! How very lovely your mamma must have been!"

Diablo! How should he know the exact amount of my hard years' scrapings. I required time for consideration, which being properly put meant time to recover my wits. The result was, that I refused the loan upon the same well grounded principles, that I did not choose to become a party to such a fraud. M. Eugene took the matter altogether different from what I had imagined. His equanimity was not for a moment disturbed, yet he affirmed with matchless good humor, that he must marry Countess L. a daughter by love or by croak.

After this, for some weeks, my old time friend was not so frequent a visitor, and I mentally rejoiced that so much evil influence would "avant!" at the bidding. Besides, just at this time I was thrown into the greatest excitement by finding an advertisement in my daily paper, reading: "The hair, or hairs, of Pierre Murdon will be greatly advantaged by personally presenting themselves, or communicating by letter, with M. Jerome, Attorney, Rue, D."

Pierre Murdon was my maternal uncle, and I had good reasons to answer the summons personally. I therefore made hasty preparations for getting through on the midnight express, undisturbed by sleep and shrouding fog. At half-past five, M. Eugene came whistling in, and was much surprised at my intentions of going off on the train, and that he had found it necessary to go himself as far as H. then, after a moment's hesitation, he frankly inquired if I would not as lief take charge of his invalid cousin as far as H. which would save him an inconvenient journey and greatly oblige him. My conscience having previously smitten me for my curtness in refusing the loan of my money, I was willing to undertake any conciliatory enterprise, and so I remarked to him: "He is down here on a visit, and feeling a trifle homesick has decided to return under my escort—but I cannot afford the time just now, and you will find the poor crippled creature no trouble, aside from setting her in the carriage with you; her friends will be glad to see her."

Rejoicing in my enviable secret, which I wisely forbore to disclose, I felt that I could afford to be affable to every one whom I might meet, therefore it was arranged that Annie should be given into my care. At 8:30 my train drew, and I got on board after looking in vain for Eugene. Concluding that some unlooked-for event had transpired to prevent his appearance, I took an unoccupied carriage, the better to reveal in my own hopes, and away we went. At a little station two and a half miles from the city suburbs, we alighted for passengers. It was a dark little place, imperfectly lighted, and I was quite surprised to find M. Eugene and Lestimer lurking or snatching a female in and placing her carefully in a seat.

"There, Annie," said M. Eugene, as he arranged her more comfortably, "you will be quite safe with M. Murdon, and—good-bye," for the engine was coughing impatiently. "You can't talk much with her," he remarked as he sprang past me, "so she is somewhat hard of hearing." The huge backbone of the train gave a premonitory jerk, Eugene sprang off, and we were rattling along, making up for lost time. I myself watching those white, thin hands, her veil down, but the hands folded in her lap were soft and white enough for any lady in the land. I ventured some remark, leaning towards her, and she nodded repeatedly; but remembering my friend's remark concerning her infirmity, I felt no awkwardness at the silence. Eight miles along the route, and I knew by the way she shuffled about that she was asleep. By and by her fingers fell apart, and as I speculated on what I should do with my new possessions, I found myself watching those white, thin hands.

Suddenly a tremor ran through my nerves by reason of the slip, flip, forward and back of them; and with the wildest, oddest and most terrible ideas trooping headlong in my distracted mind, I leaned closer to her and spoke louder. Jerk, jerk, jerk, nodded the nervous hand. Emboldened by a nameless horror, I touched her hands. They had the peculiar cold dampness of death. In desperation I threw up the veil. The fixed and glaucous eyes of a corpse stared with a peculiar expression at me. I shouted hoarsely in my terror, and I had not discovered a tithe of what was and what might be then.

I said some emotion has overcome her, and she has swooned. Yet with an unaccountable horror I bore at the fastenings of her cloak. What are the signs of her birth and death? It is not at all probable that at your age you are so much acquainted with the signs of life and death. There is no one that you will know too much by the time you arrive at the proper age. Besides, the advice of your friend is better than any we can give you, so he must know the extent of your acquaintance, and what you yet need, much better kept to the law, but at the same time pursue studies to acquire general information. Your other questions indicate that you need more instruction in spelling, history and mythology. It was Athens, that was under the protecting care of the goddess Minerva. The goddess of the Greek is not against Troy. We presume your fourth question refers to Greece. He was an American officer in the Revolutionary War, who assisted greatly in destroying the British power in South Carolina. He was born in 1738, and died in 1800.

ALMA G. T. (Pitts, Iowa) asks: "How the story of George Washington's Will, by Mrs. Henry Wood, which was in the Post in 1908 and 1909 ever been published? It is, where can I get it, or can I get back something from 1897 till the end of every year? I read the 100 page, and should like to read the rest. What do you think of my handwriting?" It is published in book form for \$1.75. We can procure it for you if you wish. Your handwriting needs improvement, and a study of the best models of handwriting is advised.

A. J. R. (Wabash, Va.) says: "Permit an advertisement in your paper to make a new inquiry. What would be most proper in speaking of people who have been officers in the army, or to call them Mr. or Mrs.?" If a gentleman calls upon a lady, all the family are seated on the porch, or in the sitting-room, and he should take a seat with them, and afterwards be invited to the parlor, would it be the polite thing to say a polite "Thank you, or what should he say?" At what are the seven wonders of the world? 1. It is the name that pronounced "It is usual to address ex-military officers by their titles, and this appears to be no more than common courtesy demands. There may be cases in which such persons prefer the plain Mr., but such instances are rare, and you can in all cases be safely governed by the most of address used by their friends. 2. "Thank you" would be quite correct, and could be followed by the necessary words to accept or decline the invitation. 3. The ancient Seven Wonders were: the Temple of Diana at Ephesus; the Mausoleum, or tomb of King Mausolus, at Halicarnassus; the Pyramids of Egypt; the Hanging Gardens of Babylon; the Statue of Jupiter, by Phidias; and the Colossus of Rhodes. 4. Pronounce "thou," with long sound of "u." 5. "Quarrel" (quarrel, ill) writes: I desire information in regard to a bell or bells, as the case may be. We get in the Quincy market boxes of bell marked "Yarmouth Bells." These are large. We used to, years ago, get a much smaller kind called "berrings." There is also another larger kind called "bell herring." It is said that the first-bell-herring was caught on the coast of Massachusetts. My impression is that it came from Yarmouth, England, a description of the Yarmouth bell-herring being given in one of Dickens's novels, David Copperfield, I think. Where are the several kinds caught, and what makes the difference in name and size? What is the name of a collection of stuffed birds? Cabinet would be proper, but has not such a collection a particular or scientific name? Also, what is the proper way to pronounce Agassiz and Darwin? The herring caught at the various fisheries differ considerably in size and color. Differences are caused by variations in the mode of curing. The blotter is a smoke-dried herring, largely prepared at Yarmouth, England, though the same name may be given to similar preparations of American fish. The Dutch herring is probably a product of the Holland fisheries, similar to the Yarmouth variety of stuffed birds might properly be called a Cabinet, and has no specially distinctive name that we are aware of. Pronounce Agassiz and Darwin, with long "a" and "u."

RIDDLER.

Charades, Riddles, Problems, etc., must always be accompanied by their answers, or they will not be published. All who take an interest in this column are respectfully invited to contribute.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
I am composed of 65 letters.
My 20, 50, 55, 61, 63, 65, is the birth-date of the first President of the United States.
My 7, 13, 18, 23, 28, 33, 38, 43, 48, 53, 58, 63, is the name of one of Hawthorne's works.
My 19, 52, 64, is an article much used in warm weather.
My 16, 48, 58, 11, is the name of a celebrated poet.
My 8, 50, 46, 21, 30, 2, 17, 44, 50, 12, 61, is the name of a charming authoress, who writes for the "Post."
My 33, 43, 14, 23, 40, 54, is the name of a character in the first Macbeth.
My 32, 7, 46, 56, 29, 49, is a division of land.
My 30, 6, 24, 49, 60, 27, is a quality which all should possess.
My 9, 28, 18, is the name of a favorite beverage.
My 62, 21, 25, 63, 54, 34, is the name of a bird.
My 15, 40, 54, 24, 26, is the name of an Italian poet.
My 47, 43, is an exclamation.
My 45, 3, 51, 33, is something that all animals possess.
My 33, 36, 40, 10, 50, 25, 61, 29, 13, 40, is the name of one of United States.
My 37, 22, 42, 14, is the name of a plaything very popular among boys.
My whole is a quotation from one of Shakespeare's plays.
Philadelphia. LINA.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
Famed for labor, always busy,
Never dodging work for play,
See my first with head uniting,
Striving for a future day.
Giving sound in strife and battle,
Yet joined with the gentle dove,
Greet my second—blast with pleasure,
Still it makes an end to love.
Watch the red man on a journey,
Prairie wastes, or forest land,
And my third, his step attending,
You will ever witness there.
Named in many a poet's tribute,
Happy in the first Macbeth,
Bound to wild gale o'er the distance,
Fleets on my graceful whole.
Emily.

BURIED MOUNTAINS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
You can never esteem a kind friend too highly.
The chasm is very deep, yet narrow.
A wicked man deserves punishment.
He lost his hat last evening.
When we reached the hill-top, I consented to rest.
We found him there busily engaged.
Although he claimed much, he received but little.
Is he a native of Wilmington, N. C., or Norfolk, Va.?
This is an interesting paper, duly edited.
We should look on God as a supreme being.
I will return your Algebra soon.
The artist is now twenty-one years old.
Seaboard, N. C. F. E. F.

CRYPTOGRAMS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
I.
"L i n n o s a d m e c."
II.
"E e l i t m w h o s d."
Suarez, Va. ANDREW.

ANSWERS TO LAST.

RIDDLE—China-Chin-A. CHARADE—Shell-bark. ENIGMA—An enigma written for the Post.

WORLD SQUARE.

SHAD
BREAD
AREA
DEAL

RECKITS.

TO COOK EGG PLANT.—The best way is to cut them in slices a half an inch thick, spread them on a plate, strew a little salt over them, and allow them to stand ten minutes for the sap to escape. Turn them over in a well-bated egg, and then in flour, and fry them in very hot butter or lard, as you would fresh fish, which they resemble when thus cooked. Another way: Roast them as our mothers used to roast potatoes, though it does not require half the time. Remove the skin while hot, mash, and season with butter, pepper, and salt. Many here, instead of butter, use mustard oil, and add uncooked onions, leeks, and cayenne peppers chopped fine. Still another method: Cut the vegetable, stem and all, into halves. Boil them, and when quite soft, carefully scrape the inside from the skin; season; put the taste, and return to the skin, filling them over full. Arrange them on a plate with the stem extending over the edge, then strew them with some nicely toasted bread-crumbs.

APPLES AND PRUNE PIE.—If made of early green apples, they must be stewed with a little water, sweetened with sugar, and nutmeg grated over the top. Baked without a crust, and served with cream, are good. The apples should be pared, cored, sliced thin, and put into a dish lined with butter, and when quite soft, carefully scrape the inside from the skin; season; put the taste, and return to the skin, filling them over full. Arrange them on a plate with the stem extending over the edge, then strew them with some nicely toasted bread-crumbs.

CREAM CHEESE.—Put a quart of cream into a clean jug, with half a teaspoonful of salt stirred in, and let it stand a day or two till thickened. Then fold a cloth about six or eight times, and sprinkle it with salt, then lay it in a sieve that night under in a dish. The sides of the cloth should come up well over the sieve. Then pour in the cream, and sprinkle a little salt on it. Change the cloth as often as it becomes moist, and as the cheese dries press it with the cloth and sieve. In about a week or nine days it will be prime and fit to eat. The air alone suffices to turn the cream into cheese.

Another.—Take about half a pint of cream, stir it up in a piece of thin muslin, and suspend it in a cool place. After five or six days take it out of the muslin, and press it between two plates, with a small weight on the upper one. This will make it a good shape for the table, and also help to ripen the cheese, which will fit to use in about eight days from the commencement of the making.

A GOOD WARMING RECIPE.—Mix half a gallon of scalding water with half a pint of alcohol; rub this mixture on the soiled clothes, and soak them three hours in moderately warm water; then rinse out nicely in clean water. To make a fine white cloth, wash it in a pint of fresh buttermilk; add an old yeast-cake dissolved in water; make it about the consistency of batter bread, and set it in a warm place to rise. When well risen, add more meal, make it into cakes, and dry in the shade.